THE WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, July 7, 1800.

TRIAL *of* JAMES HADFIELD,

For TREASON.

COURT OF KING's BENCH, JUNE 26.

THIS morning, at nine o'clock, James Hadfield was brought to the bar of the court, to be tried upon his indictment for treaſon, in compaſſing the death of the King; the court being opened by proclamation, all the four Judges being preſent, the following gentlemen were ſworn on the jury:—

Luke Flood, Eſq. Foreman.	Matthew Oliver, Eſq.
Thomas Baldock, Eſq.	Thomas Windle, Eſq.
Peter Adams, Eſq.	Charles Rich, Eſq.
John Gant, Eſq.	John Warren, Eſq.
Webb Mallard, Eſq.	W. Blackmore, Eſq.
Thomas Bingham, Eſq.	William Watſon, Eſq.

The Clerk of the Crown then read the indictment as follows:

"MIDDLESEX *to wit.*—The jurors for our Lord the King upon their oath preſent that James Hadfield, late of Weſtminſter, in the county of Middleſex, labourer, being a ſubject of our ſaid Lord the King, not having the fear of God in his heart, nor weighing the duty of his allegiance, but being moved and ſeduced by the inſtigation of the Devil, as a falſe traitor againſt our ſaid Lord the King, his ſupreme, true, lawful, and undoubted Lord, and wholly withdrawing the cordial love and true and due obedience, fidelity, and allegiance, which every true and faithful ſubject of our ſaid Lord the King ſhould and of right ought to bear towards our ſaid Lord the King, on the 15th day of May, in the 40th year of the reign of our ſaid Sovereign Lord George the Third, by the grace of God King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and ſo forth, at the pariſh of St. Martin in the Fields, in the county of Middleſex, maliciouſly and traitorouſly, with force and arms, &c. did compaſs, imagine, and intend to bring and put our ſaid Lord the King to death. And to fulfil, perfect, and bring to effect, his moſt evil and wicked treaſon and treaſonable compaſſing and imagination aforeſaid, he, the ſaid James Hadfield, as ſuch falſe traitor as aforeſaid, on the 15th day of May,

in the 40th year of the reign aforeſaid, at the pariſh of St. Martin in the Fields, in the county of Middleſex, with force and arms, malicioufly and traitoroufly did buy, obtain, and procure, and in his cuſtody and poſſeſſion did have and keep, a certain piſtol and a large quantity of powder, and divers leaden ſhot, ſlugs, and bullets, with intent thereby and therewith malicioufly and traitoroufly to ſhoot at, aſſaſſinate, kill, and put to death our ſaid Lord the King. And further to fulfil, perfect, and bring to effect his moſt evil and wicked treaſon and treaſonable compaſſing and imagination aforeſaid, he the ſaid James Hadfield, as ſuch falſe traitor as aforeſaid, on the 15th day of May, in the 40th year of the reign aforeſaid, at the pariſh of St. Martin in the Fields, in the county of Middleſex, with force and arms, malicioufly and traitoroufly did ſecretly and clandeſtinely arm himſelf with a certain piſtol, charged and loaded with gunpowder, and certain leaden ſhot, bullets, and ſlugs, and did go and repair ſo armed as aforeſaid to a certain theatre called Drury-lane Theatre, with intent at, and in the ſame theatre, by and with the ſame piſtol ſo loaded as aforeſaid, and with which he the ſaid James Hadfield had ſo armed himſelf as aforeſaid, malicioufly and traitoroufly to ſhoot at, aſſaſſinate, kill, and put to death our ſaid Lord the King. And further to fulfil, perfect, and bring to effect his moſt evil and wicked treaſon and treaſonable compaſſing and imagination aforeſaid, he the ſaid James Hadfield, as ſuch falſe traitor as aforeſaid, on the 15th day of May, in the 40th year of the reign aforeſaid, at the pariſh of St. Martin in the Fields, in the county of Middleſex, with force and arms, malicioufly and traitoroufly did ſhoot off and diſcharge a certain piſtol then and there being loaded with gunpowder, and divers leaden ſhot, ſlugs, and bullets, which he, the ſaid James Hadfield then and there had, and held in his right hand, at the perſon of our ſaid Lord the King, with intent thereby, and therewith malicioufly and traitoroufly to ſhoot, aſſaſſinate, kill, and put to death our ſaid Lord the King, againſt the duty of the allegiance of him, the ſaid James Hadfield, againſt the form of the ſtatute in that caſe made and provided, and againſt the peace of our ſaid Lord the King, his crown and dignity."

Mr. Abbott opened the pleadings on the part of the proſecution.

The Attorney General then roſe, and addreſſed the jury:—

The priſoner, as they had heard, was indicted for high treaſon, a crime of the utmoſt magnitude, and involving in its probable conſequences every thing which was moſt ſacred in the inſtitutions of civil ſociety. The overt acts charged in the indictment were all repeated againſt the perſon of the King. He was firſt charged with procuring the piſtol, &c. He was next charged with going ſecretly armed to the playhouſe; and laſtly, he was charged with firing a piſtol againſt the perſon of his Majeſty, all of them with the ſame intent, namely, that of killing the King. Upon this ſubject, of which the jury had probably heard much in private converſation, it was their duty to diſcharge every thing that they had ſo heard from their minds, and attend only to the evidence which they ſhould that day hear upon oath. It was his intention, if he could, to ſtate correctly what that evidence would be; he ſhould endeavour to do it conciſely and truly, for the purpoſe of giving them a correct view of the whole ſubject; and facilitating them in taking a view of the whole caſe, by concentring the ſeveral parts under one diſtinct point. (The learned gentleman then deſcribed the manner in which the ſhot was fired, and which appears below from the evidence.)

The crime charged was that of imagining and contriving the death of the King—the law made that imagining and compaſſing criminal, if it were manifeſted by any overt acts. The law made firing at any perſon a crime of a capital nature. The evidence would prove beyond a poſſibility of doubt the facts, and he would produce them evidence to ſhew the conduct of the priſoner both before and after he fired the piſtol. He would trace him from the time of his getting the piſtol, and procuring the powder. He would trace him from two o'clock that day, when they would find that he

he procured two piſtols, but left one behind him for a reaſon which they would hear from the witneſſes. He would trace him from thence to the time of his going to the theatre: he would ſhew, that he concealed the arms, ſo that thoſe near him did not ſuſpect he had any, until the moment he uſed them; at that moment he was thrown over the orcheſtra, and he ſhould alſo produce evidence to ſhew his conduct at that period.

From circumſtances that had paſſed, he was led to ſuppoſe, that the anſwer to the caſe would be, that he was in the unfortunate ſituation of being afflicted with inſanity. It would, therefore, become his duty to ſtate to the jury what he conſidered to be the law of the caſe. He apprehended that by the law of this country, if a perſon was completely deranged in mind, ſo as not to know what were the conſequences of his actions, and incapable of diſcriminating between good and evil, that ſuch a perſon could not commit any crime, becauſe the will was wanting, a certain portion of which was neceſſary to the eſſence of every crime; but grievous indeed would be the ſituation of every man in this country, if thoſe who had laboured under occaſional fits of inſanity were to be excuſed any crime that they might commit. In the caſe of idiotcy, of complete privation of reaſon, the perſon ſtood excuſed, becauſe he was not bleſſed with the faculty of judging between right and wrong; to an infant who had not obtained reaſon ſufficient to enable him to judge between right and wrong; but when they were weighing the reſult of an act in the court of criminal juriſprudence, the jury would examine what degree of intelligence the perſons committing the act poſſeſſed at the time of doing. Thus perſons of weak underſtandings have committed crimes, and have been puniſhed for them, becauſe they had ſufficient knowledge to know the nature of the act, although their underſtandings were below the ordinary ſtandard. Thus again, in the caſe of a child, they did not judge from his years but from his capacity. If he ſhewed that he had a knowledge ſufficient to judge of the nature and conſequences of the act, though not a complete view of it, yet that had been conſtantly held ground ſufficient to find thoſe guilty who were of a very tender age. He took the law to be the ſame with reſpect to inſanity. He took it, that it had been ſo laid down by perſons, to whom courts and juries had been uſed to pay the greateſt veneration.—Lord Chief Juſtice Coke, in his pleas of the crown, ſays, "that a *non compos mentis* could not commit treaſon, but that it muſt be an abſolute madneſs."—And Lord Chief Juſtice Hale, in commenting upon this paſſage, ſays, "that the true way of judging was as in the caſe of an infant; and according to this doctrine was the deciſion in two memorable caſes in the ſtate trials."

The firſt to which he alluded was the caſe of Edward Arnold, who was indicted for ſhooting at Lord Onſlow. There was not a doubt but that that man was deranged; and as with reſpect to Lord Onſlow himſelf, what was the opinion of the court in that caſe? That the priſoner had a ſteady regular deſign, and took all proper means to accompliſh his object; they had therefore diſcretion enough to make him an object of puniſhment. The court, in ſumming up, ſtated that the fact was proved beyond doubt, but whether it was malicious, muſt be deduced from the nature of the inſanity. That if the priſoner was under the viſitation of God, and knew not what he did, he could not be guilty: but that, on the other hand, it was not every particular inſanity would ſerve for excuſe, but it muſt be one which deprived a man of reaſon, and left him in a ſtate of not knowing more than a brute or an infant, the nature of the action he had committed. Therefore the jury would decide as to that fact. Such was the reaſoning of Mr. Juſtice Tracy on that caſe. That law had never been contradicted, but adopted in ſucceeding caſes.

The other caſe, which probably the jury anticipated, was the caſe of Lord Ferrers. He was viſited with occaſional inſanity: of that fact there could be no doubt. He murdered a perſon deliberately in his own houſe, of the name of Johnſon. The facts were clearly proved, and it was alledged

in defence, that the conſequence of murder did not follow, becauſe he laboured under a ſtate of mind which rendered him incapable of knowing what he did, and therefore not capable of judging the conſequence of his actions. All the authorities relative to that point were produced by the then Solicitor General, and as every aſſiſtance was then had, what paſſed upon that trial muſt be conſidered as the law of the ſubject. The Judges ſat as aſſiſtants to the Houſe, heard ſuch ſtated to be the law, and adopted it. The Lords, with one voice, found Lord Ferrers guilty, judging from the capacity he had at the moment he committed the act, and not from any former period.

In this caſe, whatever the ſtate of the priſoner's mind might be at former periods of time, yet at that preciſe moment he poſſeſſed underſtanding enough to know the nature and conſequences of the action he was about to commit, and a competent degree of recollection to warrant the inference of guilt, according to the law as laid down by Lord Hale. It was true that he had been diſcharged from the military, and for cauſe of inſanity, but that degree of found mind, which was neceſſary for the diſcharge of a regular duty, was very different from that degree only neceſſary to diſtinguiſh the boundaries of good and evil. There are different degrees of inſanity, which operate according to the nature of the act performed. If a contract was to be concluded, it was neceſſary that the party ſhould be able to weigh all the conſequences reſulting from it. If a diſpoſition by teſtament was the queſtion, it was neceſſary that the party ſhould have ſufficient ſanity of mind to underſtand the nature of the act; but it had been repeatedly held, that a perſon with a degree of furious inſanity, yet ſhortly recovering ſufficient underſtanding to know what he was doing, might legally make teſtamentary diſpoſition.

He conceived that it would be neceſſary to make out a caſe of much greater inſanity to warrant a jury to pronounce not guilty upon a criminal act, becauſe the traces of right and wrong were much harder to be eraſed from the mind, and remained as long as the mind retained any diſtinctions at all. When they heard the evidence, they would find the priſoner acting as other men did on ſuch occaſions—procuring piſtols—leaving one for a reaſon which he aſſigned, purchaſing gunpowder, ſtating his intention of going to the play, chooſing a place beſt fitted for his purpoſe, waiting patiently for the proper moment until he diſcharged the piſtol at the royal perſon. There was thought, mind, and contrivance in what he did. After he was hurried over the orcheſtra, they would find that by his confeſſions he knew what he had done, and what were the conſequences, that his life was the forfeit for the deed. There could be no doubt but that the evidence would convince them that he had acted from a judgment which enabled him to form the plan, and to know the nature and conſequences of the act he was about to commit, and had committed. Whatever the ſtate of his mind was at other times, the law ſaid he was reſponſible for thoſe acts which he had underſtanding ſufficient to know the nature of. This was the evidence, and ſuch was the law as he underſtood it. We muſt all rejoice that the deed was not effected; but however providentially the life of his Majeſty was preſerved, it was important for the purpoſe of general ſafety and the ſecurity of juſtice, that it ſhould be known that perſons who had laboured under occaſional inſanity were not excuſed from the conſequences of ſuch crimes as they might commit, having ſufficient underſtanding to judge of their evil tendency: ſo thought the jury, and ſo thought the court in a former caſe which he had alluded to, and ſo thought the higheſt court in the kingdom, when they condemned Lord Ferrers (one of their own body) to die. He truſted, that he had not overſtated the facts: he hoped he had not miſtaken the law. The jury would correct him if he had done the firſt; and, with all ſubmiſſion, he ſubmitted the latter to the court.

WITNESSES

WITNESSES ON THE PART OF THE PROSECUTION.

Mr. Joſeph Craig.—He depoſed that he is a muſician belonging to the band of Drury-lane Theatre; that he was in the orcheſtra of the theatre on the 15th of May, at the lower end of the orcheſtra, oppoſite to the ſide where his Majeſty ſits. At the moment his Majeſty came in, the audience, as is uſual, roſe up, and the witneſs ſaw Hadfield above all the reſt, with a piſtol in his hand, pointed at his Majeſty's box, and apparently at his Majeſty's perſon. It was inſtantly fired, and then dropped down. The witneſs immediately got upon his own deſk in the orcheſtra, and aſſiſted in dragging him over the rails. He was then carried into the room called the muſic room, under the ſtage. Mr. Sheridan and the Duke of York immediately came in, and as ſoon as the priſoner ſaw the Duke of York, he ſaid "God bleſs your Royal Highneſs; I like you very well; you are a good fellow. This is not the worſt that is brewing."

Mr. John Holroyd gave evidence that he was in the pit of Drury-lane Theatre on the 15th of May: that he ſat next the priſoner. The witneſs aſked him to make room for him, as he had loſt his friends in the crowd. The priſoner he thinks replied, "Willingly." This was about three quarters of an hour before his Majeſty came. During that time he heard nothing particular from the priſoner; but he remarked that he was a pitiable object from the wounds he had received. He did not obſerve the countenance of the priſoner when his Majeſty entered; but he ſaw a piſtol preſented acroſs his face, and the contents were immediately diſcharged from it; the direction of the piſtol was towards the King's perſon or the King's box. The witneſs ſaid that he was one of the perſons who aſſiſted in ſecuring him.

Mr. Jeremiah Parkinſon, a muſician, ſwore that he was in the orcheſtra of Drury-lane Theatre on the 15th of May, in the middle of the orcheſtra, facing the King, with the audience on his left hand. It was cuſtomary when his Majeſty entered for the audience to riſe. The priſoner was conſiderably higher than the reſt of the audience, and was ſtanding two ſeats from the orcheſtra in the pit. At the moment his Majeſty came to the front of his box, he ſaw the priſoner with his arm extended, and a piſtol in his hand, appearing to take aim at his Majeſty's box. He ſaw him look up the barrel of the piſtol. As ſoon as he had fired it ſome gentleman near him pulled him from the bench, and with the aſſiſtance of other gentlemen he was thrown over the orcheſtra, and taken into the muſic room under the ſtage. Townſend, the police officer, then came in, and the priſoner was delivered over to him. When the Duke of York entered the muſic-room, he heard the priſoner ſay to his Royal Highneſs, "This is not all," or "This is not the worſt." But there was ſuch confuſion that he could not hear the words that were ſpoken very diſtinctly. Being aſked if the ſituation was a good one for firing at his Majeſty, he replied that the priſoner could not, in his opinion, have choſen a better.

Mr. Wright ſwore, that he was at Drury-lane Theatre on the evening of the 15th of May; he was in the firſt row next the orcheſtra: as ſoon as his Majeſty entered he heard the report of a piſtol, and turning round ſaw the priſoner ſtanding upon a bench, ſeemingly agitated and confuſed.—He immediately caught him by the collar: there was a cry of "Secure the villain," to which he replied, "I believe I have ſecured him ſafe enough." He then turned round, and looked to the place where the priſoner had ſtood. A young lady who ſat behind that place, immediately pointed to the ground, where he ſaw and picked up the piſtol. The witneſs produced the piſtol in Court.

Miſs Elizabeth Ormeſton depoſed, that ſhe was at Drury-lane Theatre, on the 15th of May. She ſat in the pit, on the third row from the orcheſtra. She was there about half an hour before his Majeſty came. She could not, on account of being ſo confuſed, ſay whether it was at the

firſt

firſt or ſecond bow to the audience from his Majeſty that the priſoner fired, but immediately after he had fired he threw down the piſtol.

Mr. Dyte ſaw the piſtol drop out of the priſoner's hand directly after he had diſcharged it, and he aided in ſeizing him.

John Wood is a muſician, ſat at the time with his back to the ſtage, his face towards the audience; obſerved the priſoner ſome time before the piſtol was fired, and ſaw him when the King came into his box jump up on the bench where he had been ſitting, which was in the ſecond row from the orcheſtra, and with ſomething in his hand, which he thought was an opera-glaſs, extend his arm directly towards the royal box, and diſcharged a piſtol (that which he firſt took for an opera-glaſs). His Majeſty was then in front of the box, and it appeared to him that he aimed the piſtol at him. He aided in taking him acroſs the orcheſtra into the muſician's room, under the ſtage.

Mr. Law, one of the council for the proſecution, here deſired that his Royal Highneſs the Duke of York might be called; upon hearing which the priſoner, in a paroxyſm of enthuſiaſm, cried out, "God bleſs the Duke. I love him."

The court ſeeing his agitation, immediately gave directions that he ſhould be permitted to ſit down; and Mr. Kirby, the keeper of Newgate (who all the time ſat next to him) told him he had permiſſion of the Court to ſit down which he did, and remained compoſed during the remainder of the trial.

The Duke of York ſworn—His Royal Highneſs ſaid, in conſequence of the tumult and the darkneſs of the place where the priſoner was ſeated in the pit, on that night, he could not diſcern the countenance of the priſoner, till he came into the room where he was confined, under the ſtage, and encircled by peace officers and others who had him in cuſtody; that on his entrance the priſoner ſaid, "God bleſs you, I love you;" that his Royal Highneſs remarked he was ſure he knew the man's face, but at the inſtant could not recollect; at length remembered he was one of his orderly men; that the priſoner then ſaid he was one of his orderly men; that it was cuſtomary for the Commander in Chief to have ſelect perſons near him, and, as ſuch, he remembered the priſoner, who brought to his recollection his knowledge of him the day after the battle of Famars. His converſation and behaviour, during the period of his examination in that room, was perfectly collected, and betrayed no ſymptoms of derangement. He ſaid twice or thrice that he knew his life was forfeited; that he was tired of it, and had but to exiſt a few days longer; that the worſt had not happened yet, and this laſt obſervation the priſoner repeated, adding, he was tired of his life.—His Royal Highneſs was preſent on the occaſion nearly three quarters of an hour, and the priſoner continued uniformly collected.

After the priſoner was removed, his Royal Highneſs gave directions to have the box ſearched, and remained there for that purpoſe; and after ſome time a hole was diſcovered about 14 inches above the ſituation of his Majeſty's head, in the poſt at the orcheſtra ſide of the box, and underneath it a bullet, which had pierced the pillar, and that being hollow, fell down, and was found in the orcheſtra underneath; his Highneſs perceived, by the ſmell of powder on it, that it had been fired from the piſtol aimed at the King, and had no doubt when it was found of that fact.

On his Royal Highneſs being croſs-examined by Mr. Erſkine, he ſaid, that men who were ſelected for orderly were always the trueſt and moſt attached men. That the priſoner, on being aſked why he committed ſuch a crime, replied, he was tired of life, and made the attempt he did make for that purpoſe, as he was in expectation he ſhould be killed for it.

Mr. Law again preſſed the queſtion, whether his Royal Highneſs thought the priſoner was collected at the time he was giving theſe anſwers, and his Highneſs replied—certainly.

Mr. Sheridan was called, but did not appear; it was ſaid he had been attending but was gone. Mr. White ſaid he was ſubpœnaed yeſterday, and particularly deſired to attend; he was called again, but did not appear, upon which Mr. Garrow ſaid, they would go on with the proſecution without the evidence of Mr. Sheridan, and therefore he ſhould now call another witneſs, Mr. Richardſon.—Mr. Sheridan afterwards appeared, but not before the caſe was cloſed on the part of the crown, ſo that he was not examined.

Joſeph Richardſon, Eſq. ſaid "I was at Drury-lane Theatre on the evening of Thurſday, the 15th of May laſt. I ſaw the priſoner at the bar there; the firſt time I ſaw him was after he had been lifted over the ſpikes of the orcheſtra, and carried into the room where the muſicians retire in the intervals of their buſineſs; I think my entrance there was nearly the ſame with that of his Royal Highneſs the Duke of York, towards the concluſion of his examination, after his commitment was made out and he was about to retire; on obſerving the Duke of York the priſoner addreſſed him with great enthuſiaſm, and bade God bleſs him, for he was the ſoldier's friend, and the ſoldiers loved him. He ſaid he knew the Duke of York, that he had ſerved under him. He conſtantly denied that he had any intention to take away the King's life. During his examination, and while the Duke of York was there, I ſaw not the leaſt appearance of lunacy about the priſoner. Before this declaration of the priſoner, when the Duke of York, Mr. Sheridan, and a gentleman of the name of Wigſtead, had been ſat down, and with pens, ink, and paper, and all the formality of the buſineſs was impreſſed on him, the priſoner ſaid 'Gentlemen, do not give yourſelves all this trouble; uſe me well, and I will tell you the whole truth. I am a man tired of life; my plan is not to take away my own life, I ſought, therefore, to get rid of it by other means: I did not mean to take away the life of the King, but I thought this attempt would anſwer the purpoſe as well.'—I do not recollect any further occurrence that appeared to me to be material."

The carpenter of the houſe of Drury-lane Theatre gave an account of the impreſſion made by the ſlugs in the box where they were ſhot, and of the finding of them after a long ſearch, and of their being afterwards delivered up to Mr. Ford, at the Duke of Portland's Office, by the means of Meſſrs. Foſbrook and Johnſon.

Mr Foſbrook gave evidence to the ſame effect, as did alſo Mr. Johnſon. They all proved, that when the ſlugs were found they had the appearance of having been recently ſhot; and that they anſwered the deſcription of the mark in the box into which the piſtol was fired. This evidence was alſo corroborated by the teſtimony of John Baten. The ſlugs being produced were identified by Mr. Ford.

William Harman ſaid, "I am a ſilver-ſpoon maker, and journeyman to Mr. Dick, who lives in Greenhill's Rents, near Smithfield. I know the priſoner at the bar; he called on me on Thurſday the 15th of May, about two o'clock, at Mr. Dick's. He ſhewed me a piſtol, and ſaid he had been buying a pair of them. I aſked him, what he bought them for? He ſaid he bought them for his young maſter, and that he gave eight ſhillings for them; that he meant to charge twelve ſhillings for them, after he had cleaned them up, and that he ſhould get four ſhillings by them. The priſoner left one of his piſtols with me, and ſaid if he took it home his wife would be frightened. When he called on me, and had this converſation with me, he appeared to be collected, and to underſtand what he was about: he ſeemed to me to be as well as ever he was in his life."

Thomas Dick was next examined, and ſaid, "I carry on the buſineſs of a ſilver-ſpoon maker; William Harman, the laſt witneſs, was a journeyman of mine; I know the priſoner, James Hadfield; he worked for me about a year and a half ago in my buſineſs for about three weeks at one time; he executed his buſineſs like other journeymen in the ſame trade; in the ſtreet I have met him ſeveral times: I ſaw him at my houſe on

Thurſday

Thurſday the 15th of May laſt, about two o'clock in the afternoon, or half after two; he called to ſee my young man Harman; the priſoner had a piſtol with him; he ſat down on a ſtool in my ſhop; he ſaid to me, "How do you do, Sir?" and ſaid "he had bought a bargain;" that "he had given eight ſhillings for a pair of piſtols;" he aſked me "what I thought they were worth?" and I ſaid "I did not think they were worth four ſhillings." Then he went to get ſome beer to treat the young man; he laid the piſtol down, and went away; I aſked him "what he left it for? and told him to take the piſtol with him; he ſaid "No, I ſhall not go to work this afternoon, I ſhall go home and clean myſelf." I told him to take the piſtol with him; he ſaid "he ſhould not take the piſtol with him, becauſe he would frighten his wife with it if he did, and that he would not have it till he came back again."—Then he afterwards called for it, and put it in his pocket, and went away. This was in about twenty minutes. He had cleaned himſelf when he came the ſecond time, for he was in his working dreſs when he came at firſt. During the whole of this time that I ſaw of the priſoner, by his manner and from what he ſaid, I did not obſerve any thing extraordinary in his manner, but he ſeemed to be rather more ſolid and thoughtful than he uſed to be; he ſeemed to be rather duller, and not ſo cheerful in ſpirits as he uſed to be; but I did not ſee any thing in his ſpirits to make me think there was any thing the matter with his head."

William Harriſon examined—"I have known the priſoner between ſeven and eight years.—I am a hair dreſſer; I uſed to ſhave the priſoner, and have been in the habit of ſhaving him for theſe ſeven years. He came to my ſhop on the 15th of May laſt, between two and three o'clock; to the beſt of my recollection I was going out at the door, and I met him coming in from acroſs the way. He ſtopped at the door, and ſaid to me, "Hah! William! do you live here?" I ſaid "yes." He then ſaid directly that he wanted to be ſhaved, but that he was going further, and that he would call as he came back. He returned in about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, or thereabouts. He was in my ſhop I believe for about eight minutes, for I was ſhaving another man when he came in. I did not obſerve any thing about him but as uſual at that time."

Here an interruption took place, in conſequence of a number of people who had got into the gallery over the court, almoſt cloſe to the roof of the hall, from which they were eagerly looking down to the ſcene below, but at too great a diſtance, we believe, to hear what paſſed. The court having noticed them, Lord Kenyon aſked what place that was, and what they were doing there? He was anſwered that it was called the Board of Works, and that they were ſtrangers prompted by curioſity, who had contrived to get admiſſion. His Lordſhip then complained of the rudeneſs of their intruſion, and deſired that they ſhould be turned out, the gallery locked, and the keys brought to him. They appeared, however, either to diſregard, or not to hear what was ſaid; in conſequence of which he repeatedly ordered four of them, one of whom his Lordſhip peculiarly marked out, who had continued after they were made ſenſible by ſigns from the audience below that the court were diſſatisfied with their preſence, to be taken into cuſtody. This had the deſired effect; they all reluctantly retired, and the buſineſs was reſumed.

George Webb examined.—"I live with Mr. Clark, at No. 74, St. John-ſtreet, Weſt Smithfield; he is an oil and colourman; he ſells gunpowder alſo. I remember a perſon coming to our ſhop on Thurſday afternoon on the 15th of May laſt. I obſerved him, he had a great fear on his face, and his eye was drawn up very much. He aſked for an ounce of ſuperfine gunpowder. The anſwer was, it was at the warehouſe, and when the porter came home, he being then out, it ſhould be got for him. Upon receiving that anſwer he went away. The witneſs then looked at the priſoner and ſaid, he was the man; He did not ſee the priſoner when he came a ſecond time, he being gone out on a meſſage."

Thomas Punter examined. "I know the priſoner at the bar; I ſaw him on the 15th of May laſt at the Bull's Head, Ayleſbury-ſtreet, near Clerkenwell; it is near St. John-ſtreet. There were five of my ſhopmates at the Bull's Head; as I was going in to them I ſaw the priſoner going along, and ſaid, 'there goes Hadfield.' This was about 4 o'clock, to the beſt of my knowledge. He turned round, for he was in St. John-ſquare, and ſaid to me, 'Mr. Punter, how do you do? I can't ſtop, for I am going on particular buſineſs;' or ſomething to that effect. I ſaid, 'We will not detain you five minutes.' He turned round into the Bull; but I do not think he ſtaid five minutes; he only had a glaſs of brandy, for we were all going. I did not hear any converſation. I did not obſerve any thing particular about him; he appeared as uſual."

James Bagnel gave evidence to the ſame effect.

Mr. Law—We have three other witneſſes to the ſame facts; but we will not examine them, and here we cloſe our evidence.

Mr. Erſkine.—May it pleaſe your Lordſhip!—Gentlemen of the jury! —The ſcene we have been engaged in this morning, and the duty impoſed on me by the court, ſeems to me to be one of the brighteſt monuments of civil juſtice. If any thing could poſſibly throw a more ſplendid luſtre over the code of criminal juriſprudence which this country poſſeſſes in ſo pre-eminent a degree, it would certainly be the tranſaction on which you are now called upon to decide. The King of this country, who is looked upon univerſally as the father of his people, and who reigns in the very hearts of his ſubjects, was actually ſhot at on the 15th of May, and yet not a hair of the man's head who did this has been touched in a rude or violent manner.—The King, immediately after the horrid tranſaction, remained calm, tranquil, and unmoved, as the court does now. I perfectly agree with the Attorney-General in the law, as moſt candidly laid down by him, that one man's ſhooting at another is a felony. It certainly is ſo, and a felony where a man who was guilty of it would be brought immediately to trial, where he would not have the benefit of any information by whom he was to be tried, where he would not have the benefit of knowing who are the witneſſes againſt him, where he would not have the benefit of counſel aſſigned to him by the court; whereas in the preſent caſe, of an attack upon the life of the King himſelf, the priſoner is covered all over with the ſhield of the law. Our anceſtors, gentlemen, were certainly jealous to an extreme on the ſubject of treaſons, and had ever ſhewn themſelves moſt feelingly alive to the ſafety and ſecurity of the ſubject, by the care and caution they uſed in framing laws for the prevention and puniſhment of this deteſtable crime. I now ſtand here, gentlemen, as counſel for the priſoner at the bar, and as ſuch I am obliged in duty to do every thing in my power to ſerve him. I muſt intreat your attention therefore whilſt I lay before you the ground on which I reſt my defence, and inform you how I underſtand this momentous ſubject. It could certainly be no defence to ſay that the priſoner at the bar had attempted the life of the King in order that he himſelf might die. If you, gentlemen, ſhall be of opinion that he actually compaſſed the death of our moſt gracious Sovereign with a ſettled, malicious, and wicked intent, moſt undoubtedly you can do no other than pronounce on him a verdict of guilty.

The law, gentlemen, on this ſubject is moſt explicit. It is the reaſon of man which renders him accountable for all his actions and it is the deprivation of that reaſon which in the eye of the law acquits him of any crime. But ſo differently, gentlemen, and in ſo complicated a manner, are we framed by the hand of nature, that no cauſes are ſo difficult to be accounted for as the moſt afflicting of all diſeaſes—inſanity. The obſervation of the Attorney General is moſt truly ſtated, when he told you, gentlemen, that the law will not meaſure the ſize of any man's capacity ſo as he be *compos mentis*. That truly great and juſtly celebrated character, Lord Coke, had defined the doctrine on this head in the plaineſt and cleareſt manner, by uſing that particular phraſe *non compos mentis*, to ſhew exactly what was

the degree of infanity which rendered a man free from crime, if he did any thing criminal whilſt he laboured under the affliction of it. It was not *ideoticus*—it was not *lunaticus*—but it was expreſsly defined *non compos mentis*, ſo long as he is not poſſeſſed of underſtanding to guide and rule his actions. Lord Hale, who has ſince proved himſelf to be an ornament to that Bench on which Coke once ſo illuſtriouſly preſided, that learned Judge made the ſame diſtinction in his Commentary on the doctrine ſo ably laid down by Lord Coke, and agreed with him that ſome perſons have particular degrees of infanity; and the exact quantum of that dreadful affliction remains to be determined by the Judge and jury.

If, gentlemen, in a civil caſe a man makes a contract during the time he labours under this mental derangement the law will immediately ſet it aſide. There have been numberleſs inſtances in which men have been afflicted with lunacy in the very extreme, and yet have become ſane afterwards.—There have, on the contrary, been as many, who notwithſtanding they have got better have never entirely diſcharged the morbid affection with which their mind has been once tainted. I perfectly well remember, gentlemen, the caſe of Greenwood was one of thoſe who fancied that a moſt affectionate brother had conceived the horrible intention of adminiſtering poiſon to him. If however lunacy exiſted at the time the will was made, the law ſays the will ſhall be void. But who, gentlemen, can trace its inviſible operation? And therefore it is that the law ſo wiſely directs, that all civil acts made pending it are void. I agree entirely, gentlemen, with the doctrine laid down by Mr. Juſtice Tracey, that it is not every frantic perſon who is to receive the benefits conceded to real lunacy, or perſons actually *non compos mentis*. The caſe, on which he decided, was that of a man poſſeſſed of a violent, turbulent, and overbearing diſpoſition, who had conceived a hatred againſt Lord Onſlow, becauſe he was a very active magiſtrate, and had put down ſome clubs which were then agitating againſt the rights of the preſent family to the throne. That man could not pretend to any ſuch lunacy as the law contemplated, when it excuſed a crime of ſuch a nature.

The Attorney General told you, gentlemen, that it muſt be a total deprivation of reaſon; but ſurely it cannot be contended that lunacy, in the ſtricteſt ſenſe of the word, comprehends a total want of recollection. If a huſband does not know his wife—if a ſervant does not know that he has a maſter—if a ſubject does not know that he has a King; theſe are certainly total deprivations of reaſon; but certainly lunacy may be ſtrictly defined, without proceeding that length. Ideocy, for inſtance, has a human form, but is not endowed with a human capacity. Lunatics are alſo known, gentlemen, and innumerable inſtances have occurred, in which they have proved themſelves ſubtle in the higheſt degree. The unfortunate priſoner, in chuſing me for his advocate, has not choſen one who is favourable to the general doctrine of lunacy; but, in his caſe, I have no doubt I ſhall be able to convince you, gentlemen, by the evidence I ſhall bring forward, that he has for ſome time laboured under a ſettled derangement of intellect. I do not contend, that at the time the priſoner bought the piſtol he did not know what it was; he certainly did know what it was—but I ſay, that in buying it or in firing it, he had no malicious or miſchievous intention againſt the life of his Sovereign. I remember, gentlemen, the caſe of a man who indicted the keeper of a mad-houſe at Hoxton, for impriſoning him; and in the courſe of the trial, though I endeavoured by every means in my power, by every queſtion I could put, to draw from him ſome proof of the real ſtate of his mind, yet, ſuch was his ſubtlety, and ſuch his caution, that he fairly baffled me at every point. And it was only by Dr. Sims appearing in court that he diſcovered himſelf; for he no ſooner ſaw the Doctor than he addreſſed him as the Lord and Saviour of Mankind. The keeper of the mad-houſe was therefore acquitted. But, ſuch was the ſubtlety and perſeverance of this man, that, recollecting the Doctor had one day confined him in his houſe in town, he again indicted him

him in London for the ſame offence; and ſo well did he remember what it was that loſt him his cauſe in Middleſex, that nothing could extort from him the ſame behaviour; and yet there was not the ſmalleſt doubt on the mind of any one who knew him, but that he was really and truly a lunatic.

Gentlemen, in the time of that great and venerable Judge, Lord Mansfield, I was applied to, in order to attend the aſſizes at Cheſter, in a caſe of lunacy; and I waited on that highly revered character at his reſidence near town, to learn from him the particulars of a caſe which I underſtood had come before him for trial. From him I learned that the man who was endeavoured to be proved a lunatic had abſolutely eluded, by his coolneſs and ſubtlety, every queſtion which tended to effect this purpoſe, and appeared as perfectly rational and collected as poſſible till Dr. Battie came into court, who aſked him what had become of the Princeſs he had correſponded with in cherry-juice? He inſtantly forgot himſelf; replied it was very true; he had been confined in a caſtle with a very high tower, and denied the uſe of ink; on which he wrote to the Princeſs in cherry-juice, threw the letter into the river, and it ſwam down the ſtream.

Now, gentlemen, for the application of theſe caſes to that of the unhappy priſoner at the bar, I will ſhew you what I can prove this man to have been;—that he has been deprived of his reaſon. The great difficulty in all ſuch caſes is, that it is the characteriſtic of inſanity to adminiſter itſelf like ſanity, unleſs where it amounts to a degree of frenzy. Men will frequently appear to be very calm and ſane, at the time that the morbid affection has by no means left them, and they actually ſuppoſe themſelves in ſituations which as to them never exiſted. Suppoſe, gentlemen, a man ſhould be in that ſtate, as to believe the perſon who ſits with his back towards me to be a potter's veſſel, and under this deluſion ſhould ſhoot; would any man upon earth call this murder? Certainly not.—When this unhappy man fired his piſtol at the King, did he do it with any malicious intention againſt his Majeſty? Did he do it from that miſchievous motive which conſtitutes crime? Gentlemen, let us look at the conduct of this man; he entered into the army in the year 1793; he is now about twenty-nine years of age. He went in the 15th regiment of light dragoons to the Continent, and you find by the evidence of the illuſtrious Prince now ſitting on the bench, that he was choſen one of his orderly men; thoſe men are preferred to this honourable ſtation who are beſt thought of for their activity, courage, and loyalty, and always attached to the perſon of the Prince when he commands an army in chief; this unhappy man was always remarkable for his loyalty to his King and attachment to his country.

Gentlemen, this man is the father of a child, not more than eight months old, and if that child was by accident to be brought into court, he would inſtantly burſt into tears, and ſhew every ſymptom of parental affection; and yet, gentlemen, it was only on the Tueſday before the Thurſday on which he ſhot at the King, that he attempted to take this child from the mother, in order to daſh its brains out againſt the wall—not from any want of love and affection to the child; but that he wiſhed it ſhould go before him on that great and important occaſion, which the morbid affection of his mind had made him conceive was at hand, and to accompliſh which, he ſuppoſed himſelf to be appointed. And yet that very evening, after he had made this attempt, he went to prayer in the garden for an hour and a half. There is another inſtance of this man's loyalty which I muſt beg leave to mention:—It is not long ago that he was in a company where a ſong was ſung which was not very reſpectful to his Majeſty; he immediately quitted the room with the greateſt indignation, and inſtantly began to ſing "God ſave the King" with the higheſt enthuſiaſm. In the whole courſe of this trial there had not been one ſingle atom of evidence, not one ſingle perſon who had in the ſmalleſt degree been able to prove a malicious intent in his mind againſt the King. It is clear, gentlemen, from Mr. Richardſon's

evidence (a gentleman who has not ſhewn any deſire to favour the priſoner, but who has delivered his teſtimony with every degree of calmneſs and impartiality)—I ſay it is clear that, from the beginning to the end of his examination, he conſtantly averred that he never meant to attempt the life of the King. He had never in his life, let the morbid affection which governed his unhappy mind predominate ever ſo much, ſaid one offenſive word againſt his Majeſty, or even ſhewn the ſmalleſt reſentment againſt him. This caſe, therefore, was very different from that of Lord Ferrers, who had, for a length of time, expreſſed the moſt bitter reſentment againſt Johnſon, for various cauſes, who was ſo far under the influence of that reſentment, that after he had ſhot him, he ſaid he was glad he had done it, for he was a raſcal; and he only dropt this reſentment when he found the danger he was in from the ſtate of the wound.—He then deſired his ſurgeon to uſe all his exertions to ſave his life. He afterwards fled from juſtice, and for a conſiderable time defended himſelf againſt the officers of juſtice ſent againſt him. The inſanity of Lord Ferrers was nothing more than that degree of it which was occaſioned by giving way to outrageous paſſion. That of the unfortunate priſoner's was a morbid diſeaſe, which had taken entire poſſeſſion of his brain.

Gentlemen, I muſt beg leave to inform you, that this man has been to viſit an unfortunate victim to the ſame diſeaſe, of the name of Truelocke, who has been lately committed to priſon as an inſane perſon by the Duke of Portland, and though he prayed with him with the greateſt fervency, yet in a day or two afterwards he declared that he was connected with the Virgin Mary, and that ſhe was a bloody wh—re; that he had a child by her; that he was the father of Jeſus Chriſt; and a variety of other matter of the ſame kind, which ſpoke beyond a doubt the perturbed and inſane ſtate of his mind. You will have it proved to you, gentlemen, that this man has always, to a degree of enthuſiaſm, loved his King and country; that he had fought and bled in his country's cauſe; that his wounds had occaſioned the morbid affection which had taken ſole poſſeſſion of his mind, which governed all his actions, and which made him an object of the moſt pitiable and afflicting calamity. It has already appeared, and it ſhall ſtill more clearly appear, that this unfortunate man was, when in his ſenſes, a moſt dutiful, and affectionate, and loyal ſubject. Is it likely then, when love to his Sovereign was the ruling paſſion in his breaſt, is it likely that he would, if under the guidance of reaſon, form a deſperate deſign, barbarouſly to murder that Sovereign whom he loved? I allow, that if no particular circumſtances had attended the caſe of the priſoner, that the act which he committed would not of itſelf been a ſufficient proof of his inſanity, for who can dive into the receſſes of the human mind, and pronounce the purpoſes of which it is capable? But the priſoner was ſeverely wounded; he was left for dead in the field of battle; he has ſince his return to England given frequent proofs that his brain had ſuffered from the wounds which his head had received. What could be his object? A man in his ſenſes is never impelled to action without ſome adequate motive. Could he then bear malice againſt the King, and wiſh to puniſh him for his own vices? In every ſtate there are men who wiſh for the overthrow of the exiſting government. I do not deny that there have been, or that there are, ſuch men in England. But I will affirm that in England there is no man who longs for the death of the King. His mild exerciſe of power, his many amiable virtues, and his paternal love to his ſubjects have enthroned him in every heart. During the whole of his Majeſty's reign, among all the ſeditious and treaſonable plots which have been, or have been ſaid to have been formed, no attempt has been made upon his ſacred life unleſs by a maniac, and no one has been brought to trial for ſuch a crime. Was it probable that this dark deſign then ſhould have been formed in the mind of one who was warmly attached to both his perſon and government? The life of our Sovereign is certainly of infinite value to the ſtate, and I wiſh that it ſhould be protected by every poſſible means conſiſtent with liberty

liberty and law. But we muſt not do evil that good may come, nor violate juſtice for the moſt laudable of purpoſes. Nor do I believe that ſuch conduct would be the method to attain the object we deſire. The life of a King, as well as of a private individual, will ever be moſt ſecure when protected upon principles of reaſon, equity, and freedom. The rule of right is that upon which invariably to proceed, if we wiſh to promote the ſecurity and happineſs of the community, and of every particular member, whether high or low, of which it is compoſed. This man's illneſs proceeds from religion. In our holy religion no precept is to be found which would lead us to infringe in the ſlighteſt degree, or on any occaſion, the moſt trifling of the laws of morality. We are there told to do what is right, and to leave the reſt to God. I admire all the precepts of our Saviour, convinced that they come from God, and that they are calculated to produce the happineſs of man; but none do I admire more than that which ſays—"Take no heed for your life what you ſhall eat, what you ſhall drink, or where-withal you ſhall be clothed. Seek ye firſt the kingdom of God and his righteouſneſs, and all theſe things ſhall be added unto you." By this it is not meant that we ſhould be idle and indolent, negligent of our duties, indifferent with regard to our welfare, and careleſs about the concerns of our families, but that we ſhould be contented with the lawful means which God has given us to preſerve our lives, and to render them comfortable, and that exerciſing theſe we ſhould implicitly reſign ourſelves to the decrees of Providence.

I rejoice when I think of the goodneſs which has been diſplayed to the priſoner. He has been taken under the protection of the court, and before this auguſt, righteous, and merciful court he has every advantage which he or his friends could deſire. It was unfortunate for him, perhaps, that he pitched upon me for his counſel; but I have exerted my poor abilities to the utmoſt in his cauſe, and happy ſhall I be if they ſhall prove inſtrumental in procuring his acquittal. I have but one thing more to add: If in the examination of the witneſſes, or in any of the obſervations I have had the honour of addreſſing to you; if in trying to purſue the turnings and windings of the human mind, to lay open its ſecret ſprings, to explain its ſubtleties, intricacies, and modes of operation, I have ſaid any thing which might ſeem to indicate a wiſh in me to hurt the ſecurities of public juſtice, or to ward off merited puniſhment, I beg that it may not be ſo underſtood. I wiſh that my client may have juſtice; but that he ſhould have more than juſtice, I neither wiſh nor require.

He next obſerved that the priſoner was, when uncontaminated with the morbid ſorrow that afflicted his reaſon, fond of his family, fond of his wife, delighted with his infant child, and in truth was all that a brave man was ever painted by the moſt flattering biographiſts; gallant in the field, and domeſtically affectionate at home; poſſeſſed of a nature that could melt at others' woes, yet brave the boldeſt dangers of a foreign foe, regardleſs of his own.

He then concluded by obſerving, that in caſe of a verdict of guilty, it would then remain with the royal mercy to interpoſe. But this, above all things, he deprecated. In a caſe of this kind, the royal mercy ſhould not, ought not to interfere.—The priſoner muſt be judged by evidence, and by law, and ſo he ſhould leave it with the jury.

Major Ryan was the firſt witneſs called for the priſoner.

He ſaid he was Captain in the 15th regiment of light dragoons in the year 1793, at which time that regiment went to the Continent. That he knew the priſoner well; he was in every action the regiment was in, till he was at length dreadfully wounded. That at the battle of Druet he and the priſoner were both attacked by a large body of the enemy, and that they continued fighting till both were driven into a pond together, horſes and all, and ſaw him no more till he found him at the hoſpital, at Croydon, in September, 1796, where he exhibited manifeſt ſymptoms of derangement. That he was a choſen man, loyal, active, valiant, and valuable.

Captain

Captain Magill was a Captain in the 15th light dragoons, and ſerved on the Continent the whole time the regiment was there; knew the priſoner right well; he was often in battle with him, and particularly on the day he was wounded ſo ſeverely as to be left for dead, he was his right hand man, he fought by his ſide, and in the action near Liſle received a wound in the forehead with a thruſt of a ſword, his cheek almoſt ſeparated from his face with a ſabre, his arm from his ſhoulder bared to the wriſt, a wound at the back of his neck, twice through the body, and the top of his head ſcalped; in this ſituation he never quitted his horſe, though ſurrounded by French dragoons, till he [the witneſs] attempted to reſcue him, but was wounded in two places, and the priſoner left for dead in a ditch by the ſide of the road. He never ſaw him after till September, 1796, at Croydon barracks, in the hoſpital there; that when he went to ſee him, he found him deranged, and that ſo furiouſly, that he ſnatched up a bayonet, and made a thruſt at the witneſs, as if to ſtab him, but he ſeized his arm, and prevented him.

He gave him the character of a moſt gallant and brave ſoldier, not to be ſurpaſſed in courage, or equalled in diſcipline, and that till the affair near Liſle, his mind was always correct, and his judgment cool, though courageous.

John Lane, a ſoldier in the Coldſtream regiment of guards, ſaid, he met him at an hoſpital, within three miles of Verſailles, where he was brought in a fit; that he had converſation with him the day after in the garden of the priſon, and by his language diſcovered he was inſane; and he was accordingly removed the next day to a place better calculated for him, from whence he did not return for the ſpace of three weeks.—They were then priſoners of war.

Mr. Cline was next called: he is a ſurgeon and anatomiſt. He deſcribed the effects of the wounds the priſoner received in a very minute manner, and was of opinion that they were ſufficient to produce not merely occaſional but continual inſanity. It was a common thing for deranged patients to appear ſane; it was one of the tokens of loſs of reaſon when expreſſed, as he perceived it in the priſoner, whom he viſited yeſterday for the purpoſe of aſcertaining the point, and found himſelf juſtified in the ſentiment he advanced. They often ſeemed collected, till ſome exciting circumſtance proves the inſtability of the intellect.

Dr. Creighton, a phyſician, alſo viſited the priſoner, and on the topic of religion found his intellectual faculties gone. He corroborated, with much ingenious diſcrimination and ſcientific ſkill, all that the laſt witneſs ſtated, together with much obſervation of his own, on the caſe.

Mr. Diddeily is a ſurgeon of the 15th light dragoons ſince July 1795. The priſoner was diſcharged from the regiment in 1796, when he joined it after an abſence in France of ſeveral months: the cauſe of the diſcharge was inſanity, in conſequence of wounds received in ſervice. He was of opinion he is inſane ſtill.

Captain Wilſon, of the ſame regiment, ſaid the priſoner had every qualification of a ſoldier; and added, "If a man was to be ſelected for courage, dauntleſs bravery, and intrepid ſpirit, Hadfield was that man." The laſt time he ſaw him was at Croydon, bound down, mad, in a cart, in 1796.

Charles Lawſon, a private in the regiment, ſaw Hadfield fall in battle, and thought from the deſperate nature of his wounds, that he could never recover. When he afterwards ſaw him at Clerkenwell, perceived he was not right in his head.

David Hadfield, brother to the priſoner, ſtated that from the time of his diſcharge from the regiment at Croydon, till the preſent day, he was afflicted with fits of inſanity, and that every year it grew worſe. He ſaid he could not of his own knowledge ſpeak of him as to the few laſt months, but from all he heard, he could ſay, that his diſorder encreaſed, and that thoſe about him, his wife, and others, could aſcertain its approach.

Mary Gower, ſiſter to Hadfield, and who lived in the ſame houſe with him, gave a moſt circumſtantial account of the ſtate both of his body and mind. The warm weather affected the latter, as did the changes of the moon. She then ſhewed how he was affected, that a kind of religious mania poſſeſſed him, which ſhe deſcribed in the terms he expreſſed himſelf, but ſo blaſphemous that we cannot repeat them.

She then gave a very accurate account of him, from Sunday, May 11, until four o'clock of the evening of the day, when he fired the piſtol in the theatre, and that, during that particular period, he ſhewed evident ſigns of madneſs, inſomuch, that on the Tueſday preceding he made an attempt to murder his infant child, eight months old, and that when he went out ſhe followed him at the inſtance of her ſiſter to watch him. [She ſtated ſeveral places whither ſhe followed him in this kind of way.] That on his return home, each of theſe days, when ſhe thought he was at work, he uſed to ſay he was to be God, and Mr. Truelock, a cobler, with whom he was acquainted, was to be Satan, and that they were to poſſeſs a dwelling at White-Conduit Houſe.—Here ſhe inſtanced a variety of particulars in proof of his inſanity, and having undergone a ſtrict croſs-examination, repeated her teſtimony in unvaried terms; and to a queſtion from Mr. Juſtice Groſe replied, that her ſiſter was married to Hadfield nearly five years.

Catherine Harriſon knew the priſoner fifteen years. Since his return from the Continent he has been deranged. She attended him frequently ſince his diſcharge from the regiment, and ſaid his ailment increaſed every year. She lodged in the ſame houſe with him at the time the crime was commited; and on telling him ſhe perceived his diſorder was increaſing, he threatened to murder her, and that took place the morning after he attempted to kill the child.

George Harriſon, huſband of the laſt witneſs, corroborated her teſtimony, as well as that of Mary Gower; and proved his derangement for ſeveral days up to the 15th of May.

Elizabeth Roberts, the landlady of the houſe where the priſoner lodged, eſtabliſhed all the three laſt witneſſes advanced.

Lord Kenyon then ſtopped the further progreſs of the cauſe, by ſaying, "Mr. Attorney, have you any witneſſes to contradict theſe brought for the defence? They ſtate facts that bring conviction to my mind.—If we go nicely into the caſe the priſoner muſt be acquitted. I merely throw out this at preſent, to aſcertain whether we muſt proceed, and that only can avail, if it can be eſtabliſhed by you that this defence of inſanity proceeds from management."

The Attorney General.—"My Lord, I have no reaſon to think it a colour; theſe circumſtances were unknown to me."

Lord Kenyon.—"Your conduct, Sir, is proper: it was urgent to inſtitute this enquiry."

Attorney General.—"Yes, my Lord, and I therefore thought it was fit and neceſſary that I ſhould wait the full extent of it."

Lord Kenyon.—"It was very neceſſary. This, however, is a caſe that requires, for the ſafety of the community, and for the ſafety of the individual, that the priſoner ſhould not be ſet at large. It was with fear and trembling I ſtopped the cauſe, leſt this man ſhould enter again into ſociety; and, gentlemen, of the jury, as it appears this man was not under the guidance of reaſon when this act was committed, enormous and atrocious as it is, he muſt be acquitted. He muſt be returned to his laſt place of confinement, till he is otherwiſe diſpoſed of."

The jury then, at the inſtance of the court, brought in their verdict, "NOT GUILTY, *being under the influence of inſanity at the time the offence was committed.*"

The priſoner was then remanded, and conducted by Mr. Kirby, who attended him out of court. He walked very compoſedly through Weſtminſter-hall, eſcorted by a prodigious crowd of conſtables and peace-officers; was put into a hackney-coach, and conveyed to Newgate.

Hadfield,

Hadfield, while on his trial was dreſſed in a decent blue coat, lapelled, with yellow buttons, rather in the military cut; a yellow ſtriped waiſtcoat, and black neck handkerchief; his hair cropped pretty ſhort. His looks would indicate him to be older than 29, as Mr. Erſkine deſcribed him. In perſon he is rather a ſmart, alert looking man, about five feet ſix inches. His eyes are blue, and his features ſmall and regular.—His countenance is pale, and deeply intereſting from the wounds inflicted on it. He continued through the whole of his trial, except at the entrance of the Duke of York, perfectly tranquil and ſerene, had rather an air of melancholy, and ſeemed to regard the paſſing ſcene without intereſt. His acquittal produced no evident emotion either in the ſpectators or in the priſoner.

The court was exceedingly crowded.—The trial laſted about eight hours.

We underſtand the whole expence attending the defence of the unhappy man was defrayed by government.

Italian Cuſtoms, beneficial in England.

HAVING already lain before the public the practice of clearing grain from the ſtraw, quicker, more cheap, and cleaner than with a flail, by women and ſtout children; I now ſhall explain the method, in many parts of Aſia, of preſerving grain, which is alſo uſed in Italy:—The ſtore-rooms are under ground; the aperture, about 20 inches diameter, is on a level with the ſurface; they contain 500 to 2000 or more buſhels, built of good brick and mortar, in form of an egg. In ſtoring grain ropes of ſtraw or mats are placed againſt the inſide wall; it is then cloſed with a round ſtone, and can be as well ſecured as our barn doors; over it is thrown earth as a ſmall hillock, for the rain water to paſs off, when not under any linney, &c. From them I have ſeen grain taken out at the end of the ſixth year as good as when firſt ſtored, in colour and weight, and moſt fit for tillage.—My houſe at Piſa, in Tuſcany, had been a ſmall univerſity, in which was ſuch ſtore-room; in it I cloſed up a ton of Engliſh potatoes, which, at the end of two years, I found (in my opinion) much better for the table, and the crop from them was very abundant.—The expences of building ſuch ſtore-rooms are infinitely leſs than for our granaries, more durable; not any external ground is loſt, and they are guarded from fire, &c. The grain is well protected from rats and other vermin.

Theſe ſavings are worthy the attention of the ſtate, members of agricultural ſocieties, and land owners, which I will at any time further explain, with the manner of unſtoring, which is quick and cheap.—In various tours through and around Italy, I made other obſervations uſeful to ſociety, mentioned laſt September in my Medical Eſſays.

N. BROOKE, M. D.

Exeter, May 1, 1800.

BON MOT.

A Very intimate acquaintance of mine, paſſing, a few days ſince, through our market, was complimented by a kind of congee, which ſeemed to imply a ſort of acquaintance with a perſon he imagined he never ſaw before. On aſking a townſman, who ſtood by him, if he knew that gentleman juſt paſſed, he anſwered, his name was Grater, that he was an attorney at law; to which my friend replied, "Grater? I think it is an excellent name for many of the profeſſion, eſpecially if we ſuppoſe ſome of their clients to be nutmegs!"

AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

Bideford, May 26, 1800.

AN ANECDOTE.

BUFFON, notwithſtanding all his benevolent philoſophy, could ſcarcely ſpeak with patience of his enemies, the field mice, who, when he was trying experiments upon the culture of foreſt trees, tormented him perpetually by their inſatiable love of acorns. "I was terrified," ſays he, "at the diſcovery of half a buſhel, and often a whole buſhel of acorns, in each of the holes inhabited by theſe little animals; they had collected theſe acorns for their winter proviſion." The philoſopher gave orders immediately for the erection of great numbers of traps and ſnares, baited with broiled nuts; in leſs than three weeks nearly three hundred field mice were killed or taken priſoners. Mankind are obliged to carry on a defenſive war with the animal world. "Eat or be eaten," ſays Dr. Darwin, "is the great law of nature." It is fortunate, however, for us, that there are butchers by profeſſion in the world, and rat catchers and cats, otherwiſe our habits of benevolence and ſympathy would be utterly deſtroyed.

Anſwer, by T. Whicker, of Exeter, to C. B. W.'s Charade, inſerted April 7.

LET Gallia boaſt her Bonaparte,
A Jourdan, or Moreau;
Can ſuch with Britain's DUNCAN vie,
Or boaſt another Howe?

Behold a Warren, Vincent, Nile,
They ſhine like blazing ſtars;
They watch the ſafety of our iſle;
The darlings of our tars.

*** We have received the like anſwer from W. Harris, Jun. R. Thomas, W. G. and P. Gove, of Exeter; R. Andrews, and J. P. Bridges, of Kingſbridge; Serjeant Whittle, of the Upway Volunteers; T. Taylor, of Bridgewater; Philom. of Teingmouth; J. Ball, Jun. of Taunton; J. R. Toulmin, of Barnſtaple; R. Towning, of Fivehead; Tho. Jarvis, of Malborough; G. England, of Uplyme; T. Bullock, and C. N. of the Royal Miners; W. Brock, Evercreech; E. T. S. of Poole; J. Field, of Staverton; Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; and J. B. L. of Creech St. Michael.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

A Fragment found in the Duke of Beaufort's Park at Stoke, on Sunday the 14th of July, 1799.

OH thou! who dwell'ſt on Pierius' top deſcend
To lend aſſiſtance to an humble friend:
Oh grant thy friendly aid! that I may know
When with juſt harmony my numbers flow:
Riſe, lovely maid! and ſtrike the heavenly lyre,
And fill my ſoul with true poetic fire,
That I may ſing, and praiſe thy lovely name,
And do ſtrict juſtice to my fav'rite theme;
No trifling ſubject now my thoughts employ,
To ſing of human mis'ry or human joy;
To ſing of Kings who triumph'd, rul'd, and dy'd,
(A noble thought to curb all human pride;)
To ſing of battles, and the warlike ſpear,
Which fill whole phalanxes with dread and fear:
While the fell muſket clogs the ranks with ſlain,
And ſpreads deſtruction o'er the enſanguin'd plain:
The battle's o'er—and fathers, widows, mourn,
Their huſbands, children, rudely from them torn.
And what's the gain? Why juſt to pleaſe the ſpleen
Of jarring parties, and an haughty Queen.
To pleaſe * * that's greedy * renown
ſave * * * crown
the ſum of human pride.
To ſing of love, the cooing thoughts of thoſe
Who wiſh to enter in an holy nooſe.
No thoughts like theſe ſhall mark my humble lays,
A nobler ſubject now demands my praiſe.

I'll mount Pegaſus, and before I ſtop
I'll climb, with rapture, to Parnaſſus' top;
I'm up—and now, ye gods! before I'm down,
I'll ſing the praiſes of a country town.
Hail, Sherborne, hail! thou once in high renown,
Now not ſo great, yet ſtill a virtuous town:
Hail! Dorſet's pride! thy ſacred name I greet,
For here the Graces have ſet up their ſeat:
Here virtue reigns, and ſocial mirth is found,
And ancient hoſpitality abounds.
Such pleaſure
eternal ſource of joy

Could I indulge the wiſh my ſoul holds dear,
It would, I own, be firmly center'd here:
For here ſucceſsfully I've ſought repoſe,
Thou ſweet compoſer of my worſt of woes.

Here friendſhip true, a plant that's rarely found,
Flouriſh luxuriant in this happy ground:
And happy he who can in Sherborne ſtop
And taſte true friendſhip at
'Tis here I'd wiſh to live, if Heaven ſo will,
And hold ſweet converſe with my Amaryl:
Oh ſweet angelic beauty! be thou bleſt,
And could I utter what my ſoul ſuggeſts

I'm mute—for ſomething yet unſung
Impoſe eternal ſilence on my tongue.
Avaunt digreſſion—let me now purſue,
The fav'rite ſubject ever in my view,
To praiſe thee, Sherborne! thee, the parent joy
Of every pleaſure that my ſoul can cloy.
If friendſhip, mirth, and virtue e'er did meet,
'Tis here in Sherborne, their divine retreat;
Tho' ſome vile wretches, envying its renown,
Have ſtrove in factions to divide the town:
May vengeance dire ſoon take theſe monſters fell,
And grinning monkeys hunt them into Hell!
But ſtop my muſe—how ill doth anger ſeem!
The thought I'll curb, and take ſome other theme;
And Sherborne's glory, and her bulwark too,
With form majeſtic now bring into view.
Here Cromwell
oppreſſion, and an iron rod.
There Raleigh's taſte with noble grandeur riſe,
And ſtrike with wonder your delighted eyes;
lovely paradiſe
Theſe charming proſpects.
With rural ſcenes this lovely park abound,
And pleaſures new in every ſtep are found;
Nothing is wanting to this ſylvan ſcene
But a well peopled and ſmooth gliding ſtream;
Perhaps the time may come when nature's pride,
By mimic art ſhall amply be ſupplied.
There

But whilſt theſe pleaſant ſcenes enchant the eye,
I muſt not to their Maker praiſe deny;
But turn my thoughts to ſomething nearer home,
And take a view of Sherborne's hallow'd dome:
This Gothic venerable pile now ſtands
At leaſt unrivall'd in this happy land;
Here beauty, grandeur, all that art could find,
With elegance and taſte are well combin'd:
The vaulted cieling elegantly neat,
The altar, pulpit, throne alike compleat;
The noble organ, with its awful ſound,
Along the aiſles as awfully rebound;
The pious prieſt here tries (due praiſe be given)
To wean from ſin, and qualify for Heaven;
Oh! could I ever hear his pious voice,
And in redeeming love as long rejoice;
Here would I ſpend my few remaining days,
Hymning my Great Creator ſongs of praiſe,
Until my ſoul about to quit its clay,
In pious exclamation thus could ſay:
" Farewell, vain world! what thou haſt been to me,
" Duſt and a ſhadow, theſe I leave with thee:

" Ye giddy crowds adieu! I've learn'd to prize,
" Far nobler joys, eternal in the skies:
" There may I live, and be for ever bleſt,
" For there the weary, humble ſoul finds reſt."

From this delightful theme I now deſcend
To ſordid earth, and there my thoughts unbend:
To ſing of trifles, and of trifling joy;
Of pleaſures changing, changing ſtill do cloy.
For heaven's high arch beneath, whate'er abound
There's nothing perfect, or of value found.

Yet ſtill ſome rural nymphs, whoſe envied reign,
Have made them proud, not only proud but vain,
With rapturous joy their ſouls will quickly thrill
To hear the praiſes of ſweet Dancing Hill:
From this enchanting mount, this lovely ground,
What pleaſing landſcapes charm the eye around;
'Tis here I'm fix'd to this delightful ſpot,
So fondly lov'd it cannot be forgot:
Here each declining day gay faſhion's round,
Diſplay their colours o'er this fav'rite ground;
And blaze of beauty in its full diſplay,
Here dim the luſtre of Sol's brighteſt ray;
Here the gay nymphs and happy ſwains repair
To hold ſweet converſe with their fav'rite fair.
Here artful Cynthia plays her charms in vain;
Here lovely Juliet leads the jocund train:
Here

Cætera deſunt.

M. P.

Briſtol, July 20, 1799.

To the MEMORY *of a* DECEASED FRIEND.

By Mr. ROSCOE.

MORTAL, from yon lower ſphere,
Ere eternal joys thou ſhare,
Are thy earthly duties done,
Huſband, father, friend, and ſon?

Haſt thou o'er a parent's head
Drops of filial fondneſs ſhed?
What the pleaſure—haſt thou prov'd,
'Tis to love, and to be lov'd?

Haſt thou, with delighted eyes,
Seen thy num'rous offspring riſe?
Haſt thou, in the paths of truth,
Led their inexperienc'd youth?

Didſt thou e'er in ſadneſs bend
O'er the ſorrows of a friend?
Didſt, thou haſten, unappall'd,
When thy ſinking country call'd?

Huſband, father, friend, and ſon,
Well thy journey haſt thou run:
Life has known its beſt employ,
Sown in virtue, reap'd in joy.